

REPORT

[Forty-Ninth Annual]

OF THE

COLUMBIA INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB

TO THE

SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR

FOR

THE YEAR ENDED JUNE 30, 1906.



WASHINGTON:
GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE.
1906.

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COLUMBIA INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB.

OFFICERS OF THE INSTITUTION.

Patron.—Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States.

President.—Edward Miner Gallaudet, Ph. D., LL. D.

Secretary.—Charles S. Bradley, esq.

Treasurer.—William W. W. Parker, esq.

Directors.—Hon. George C. Perkins, Senator from California; Hon. Charles N. Fowler, Member of Congress from New Jersey; Hon. Thetus W. Sims, Member of Congress from Tennessee, representing the Congress of the United States; Hon. John W. Foster, Hon. David J. Brewer, Hon. Francis M. Cockrell, Lewis J. Davis, esq., R. Ross Perry, esq., of the District of Columbia; John B. Wright, esq., of New York.

FACULTY OF GALLAUDET COLLEGE.

President, and professor of moral and political science.—Edward Miner Gallaudet, Ph. D., LL. D.

Vice-president, and professor of languages.—Edward A. Fay, A. M., Ph. D.

Emeritus professor of natural science, and lecturer on pedagogy.—Rev. John W. Chickering, A. M.

Professor of history and English.—J. Burton Hotchkiss, A. M., Litt. D.

Professor of mathematics and Latin.—Amos G. Draper, A. M., Litt. D.

Professor of natural science.—Charles R. Ely, A. M., Ph. D.

Professor of applied mathematics and pedagogy.—Percival Hall, A. M.

Assistant professor of natural science.—Herbert E. Day, A. M.

Assistant professor of Latin.—Allan B. Fay, A. M.

Assistant professor of history and English, and librarian.—Albert C. Gaw, A. M., D. C. L.

Instructor in English.—Elizabeth Peet.

Instructor in engineering.—Isaac Allison, E. E.

Instructors in gymnastics.—Albert F. Adams, A. M.; Bessie B. Harley.

Instructor in drawing.—Arthur D. Bryant, Ph. B.

DEPARTMENT OF ARTICULATION.

Professor in charge.—Percival Hall, A. M.

ASSISTANTS.

Instructors.—Kate H. Fish; Albert C. Gaw, A. M., D. C. L.

Normal fellows.—Andrew Olaus B. Molldrem, A. B., St. Olaf College, Minnesota; Botolf Jacob Rotnem, B. S., St. Olaf College, Minnesota; Alice May Teegarden, A. B., Blairsville College, Pennsylvania; Virginia Louise Thomason, A. B., Winthrop College, South Carolina.

Normal student.—Winifred Frances Taliaferro, Central High School, Washington, D. C.

FACULTY OF THE KENDALL SCHOOL.

President.—Edward Miner Gallaudet, Ph. D., LL. D.

Instructors.—James Denison, A. M., principal; Melville Ballard, M. S.; Theodore Kiesel, Ph. B.; Sarah H. Porter, A. M.; Clara C. Taliaferro.

Instructors in articulation.—Anna S. Gaw; Elizabeth Peet.

Instructor in drawing.—Arthur D. Bryant, Ph. B.

DOMESTIC DEPARTMENT.

Supervisor and disbursing agent.—Wallace G. Fowler.

Attending physician.—D. Kerfoot Shute, M. D.

Matron.—Myrtle M. Ellis.

Associate matron.—Deborah Evans.

Boys' supervisor.—Charles Lane Clark, B. S.

Girls' supervisor.—Margaret Hanberg, A. B.

Master of shop.—Isaac Allison, E. E.

Farmer and head gardener.—Edward Mangum.

FORTY-NINTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE COLUMBIA INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB.

COLUMBIA INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB,
Kendall Green, Washington, D. C., October 5, 1906.

SIR: The number of students and pupils remaining in the institution July 1, 1905, was 116; admitted during the year, 41; since admitted, 45; total, 202. Under instruction since July 1, 1905, 118 males and 84 females, of which 137 have been in the collegiate department, representing 39 States, Canada, and Ireland, and 65 in the primary department. Of these, 41 were admitted as beneficiaries of the District of Columbia, and 100 were admitted to the collegiate department under the provisions of the acts of Congress approved August 30, 1890, and June 6, 1900. During the fiscal year 44 were discharged from the institution by graduation and otherwise.

In addition to the foregoing, 19 colored deaf-mutes of school age properly belonging to the District of Columbia, have, in pursuance of law, been admitted thru this institution to the Maryland School for Colored Deaf-Mutes.

A list of the names of students and pupils who have been under instruction in this institution since July 1, 1905, will be found appended to this report.

HEALTH.

Good health has prevailed, generally, among the students and pupils during the year. A few cases of measles occurred, but our facilities for isolation prevented any spread of the malady. Three cases of typhoid fever, and one of hernia, requiring an operation, were cared for at the hospital of the George Washington University; also the case of a boy whose right hand had been accidentally cut by a school-mate with a hatchet. These courtesies of the University Hospital are very highly appreciated.

DEATH OF LEWIS J. DAVIS.

On the 6th of September, Mr. Lewis J. Davis, who had been for twenty years the treasurer of the institution and for twelve years a member of the board, was called from earth by death. The following minute was adopted by the board at its first meeting after the death of Mr. Davis:

The management of the institution has sustained a severe loss in the death of Mr. Lewis J. Davis, who had filled the office of treasurer for twenty years and that of director for twelve years.

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No officer of the institution has ever shown a more sincere interest in its management than Mr. Davis. As treasurer he was careful and wise in his advice as to its investments; as a director he was faithful in his attendance on the meetings of the board and ready to sustain what might be called a policy of conservative progress.

His personal qualities brought him into most friendly relations with his colleagues on the board, and his death is felt as a cause of sincere grief to them all.

COURSES OF INSTRUCTION.

No important changes have been made in the courses of instruction. The technical training for college students, referred to in previous reports, has been continued and will be gradually extended as may seem necessary and desirable.

LECTURES.

As an adjunct to the several courses of study, it has been the custom of professors, instructors, normal fellows, and members of the senior class of the college to give lectures to the pupils and students during the winter. These have been as follows the past year:

IN THE COLLEGE.

The Commerce of the United States in the Orient, by Hon. O. P. Austin, interpreted by President Gallaudet.
Nantucket: Our Island Home, by Professor Fay.
The Name America, by Professor Hotchkiss.
Lake Superior and its World Relations, by Professor Draper.
Economic Entomology, by Professor Ely.
Building a Railroad, by Professor Hall.
The Bonapartes in America, by Professor A. B. Fay.
The Dissemination of Disease by Insects, by Professor Day.
The Legal Status of the Deaf in the Roman Empire, by Mr. Gaw.

IN THE KENDALL SCHOOL.

The Story of Bathmendi, by Mr. Denison.
The American Navy of the Revolution, by Mr. Ballard.
The West of Long Ago, by Mr. Bryant.
Ben Hur, by Mr. Clark.
Frithiof the Bold, by Mr. Lindstrom.
Pericles, King of Tyre, by Mr. Fugate.
The Man Without a Country, by Miss Henderson.
The Prince and The Pauper, by Miss Anderson.
Short Stories, by Mr. Steed.

EXERCISES OF PRESENTATION DAY.

The forty-second public anniversary of the college was held in the college chapel on Wednesday, May 2, and was presided over by President Roosevelt, acting as ex officio patron of the institution.

Rev. Edward Everett Hale, D. D., chaplain of the Senate, offered the opening prayer.

The orations and dissertations delivered by members of the graduating class were as follows:

What Makes a Friend? Daisy Margaret Henderson, Arkansas; Development in Methods of Farming, Frank Emory Mikesell, Kansas; The Probable Effects of the Operation of the Panama Canal, Thure Axel Lindstrom, Washington; Nature in Verse, Mabel Edith Fritz, Iowa; The Evolution of American Humor, Edward Murdock Rowse, Minnesota.

The candidates for degrees and diplomas were as follows:

DEGREE OF MASTER OF ARTS (NORMAL FELLOWS).

Winifred Osgood Hammond, B. A., Kansas State University; Herbert John Menzemer, B. A., Beloit College, Wisconsin; Lyman Steed, B. L., Westminster College, and B. Ed., Warrensburg State Normal, Missouri.

DEGREE OF BACHELOR OF ARTS.

Enga Christina Anderson, Wisconsin; Mabel Edith Fritz, Iowa; William Combs Fugate, Kentucky; Daisy Margaret Henderson, Arkansas; Thure Axel Lindstrom, Washington; Edna Laura Marshall, Washington; Frank Emory Mikesell, Kansas; Dan Merrill Reichard, Pennsylvania; Edward Murdock Rowse, Minnesota; William Woodruff Sayles, New York.

DEGREE OF BACHELOR OF SCIENCE.

Charles Lane Clark, Pennsylvania.

Normal student.—Bessie Davidson, North Braddock High School, Pennsylvania.

After the presentation of the candidates for degrees and diplomas, Mr. Lindstrom, of the State of Washington, address President Roosevelt, orally, as follows:

MR. PRESIDENT: I desire to express the thanks of the graduating class for the honor of your presence at these exercises. I furthermore desire to give, thru you, as our patron and as head of the nation, the assurance of our gratitude to the Government for thus giving us and the deaf of the land an opportunity to acquire a liberal education—an education that brings with it so many opportunities, so many joys into our life.

This, our gratitude, we can not fully express in words, but shall strive to demonstrate by becoming worthy citizens of the nation, and by industry and labor do our share in the upbuilding of the country, in the upholding of its laws, and in setting an example to our fellows. "Act well your part" is our motto, and this, in token of our appreciation, shall be the earnest endeavor of every one of us.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S RESPONSE.

MR. PRESIDENT, MEMBERS OF THE GRADUATING CLASS, AND THEIR FRIENDS AND KINSFOLK: When I arrived to-day I felt as if your president had brought me out here under false pretenses, because I was received with a football cheer, and while I already knew of your prowess both on the gridiron and on the diamond, I did not know that you were able to cheer the eleven and the nine in the canonical college fashion. Now let me say what a great pleasure it has been to come here to see you and to listen to you. I enjoyed thoroly what I heard about "Friendship" and "Nature Poetry" from Arkansas and Iowa.

Speaking seriously, I feel that one of the most important tasks of this generation is to make the tiller of the soil—the farmer—understand how high his calling is, and the lesson came appropriately from Kansas. As for Mr. Lindstrom, who greeted me personally so pleasantly, I was pleased to see that the State of Washington takes just the view it ought to about the Panama Canal, and incidentally, I gather, about rate legislation.

And finally I want to say a word of appreciation about the essay of Mr. Rowse, and in particular because he laid such emphasis upon two really noteworthy volumes by an American writer, Mr. Crothers, *The Gentle Reader* and *The Pardoner's Wallet*, and I am sorry for any book lover who knows the English language and has not these two really noteworthy pieces of literature, wise and humorous, in his library. Mr. Crothers has rendered a very substantial service to American literature, and I am glad to have listened to the tribute paid to him to-day. And, by the way, judging from the States from which those who have address us to-day come, this must be a Trans-Mississippi day. You are probably aware of the statement that the best kind of an American citizen is a Bostonian who has lived a considerable time west of the Missouri (just what Mr. Rowse is, I find), and so it begins to look as if the best contributions to our literature are to be made by westerners who go to live in Boston. They make first-class histories, like Mr. Rhodes, and general literature, like Mr. Crothers.

Now, in concluding, let me say a word by way of tribute to you who have done the great work of teaching in this institution and to those who profit by that teaching. Your task has been hard, and in this life it is not the easy tasks, but the hard tasks well done, that give the real benefit to those doing them.

Introducing Mr. John Sparhawk, jr., of Philadelphia, as the orator of the day, President Gallaudet said:

It has been our great pleasure in former years to have the presence and the greetings of eminent educators, representing sister colleges, of prominent officials of the Government, of the executive, legislative, and judicial branches, of men of science and men of letters, of clergymen, who have been with us on occasions like the present and have spoken words of encouragement to our students and to the friends of the college. If my memory serves me rightly we have never had with us a member of the legal profession as such. We have that pleasure to-day, and I am sure I can say nothing more in comment on the rank which our friend who comes to us to-day holds in his profession than to say that he is a Philadelphia lawyer. I have the pleasure of introducing Mr. John Sparhawk, jr., of Philadelphia.

MR. SPARHAWK'S ADDRESS.

That was a very kind introduction of Doctor Gallaudet. I was here nine years ago, when I had the pleasure of listening to one of the orators to whom he refers, President Warfield, of Lafayette College. I did not know then that the next time I should be here I would be one of the speakers. Doctor Gallaudet has told you of the eminent educators, clergymen, and statesmen who have spoken here on like occasions in the past. They stand in the class of those who have the privilege of adding after their names sundry sounding and important letters. I am not of these. Indeed, I am reminded of the children who were discussing once the merits of their respective fathers. One little girl said, "My father is a minister, and everything that comes to our house has D. D. after his name." The second said, "My father is a physician, and everything that comes to our house has M. D. after his name." The third said, "My father is a professor, and everything that comes to him has Ph. D. after his name." And the fourth child proudly said, "My father is a lawyer, and everything that comes to our house has C. O. D. after his name."

Nor do I know why you should want to hear from a Philadelphia lawyer after you have listened to the brilliant address of the beloved President of the United States. Some three thousand years ago one said, "For what can the man do that cometh after the king?" There is no need of anything more being said or added. Because, as the day is far spent and we have all been so well entertained, I feel very much like the man at the colored camp meeting. An eloquent negro divine had preached an hour and three-quarters on the major prophets, and passing on to the minor prophets he cried in a loud voice, "And now where shall we place Hosea? Oh, where shall we place Hosea?" A wearied auditor in the audience arose immediately and replied, "Hosea can have my place, I'm a goin' home."

On this Presentation Day it is well for the graduates perhaps to remember that difficult as the well-wrought tasks may have been which lie behind them, the real difficulties and hard knocks are before them. And because of this the old "far flung battle-line" advice (as Rudyard Kipling might call it) to the Philistines comes into play. "Quit ye like men. Be strong." A wise man said a few weeks ago, "God does not look for diplomas or medals or orders. He looks for scars." And another wise man said when shown a gently chiseled photograph, "Do not take the lines and wrinkles off my face. They are the service chevrons which show the campaigns thru which I have past."

In that wonderful vision which the seer saw in the English jail, and who told of it in the familiar words of the Pilgrim's Progress, we learn how "Valiant for truth" came down to the wash of the waves of the river of death "and all the trumpets sounded on the other side." And there he left his last will and testament, wherein he said "My sword I give to him that shall come after me; my courage and skill to him that can get it. My marks and scars I carry with me to be a witness for me that I have fought a good fight and have kept the faith."

And after all, what are all these diplomas and orders and medals for if we do not go forth fearlessly and unafraid into the battle of life, "armed by faith and winged by prayer?" For this is the high calling, yea, more; it is "the prize of the high calling of God."

And first, what we need most of all is a purpose. Tennyson says:

For I doubt not thro' the ages an increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns.

Have you and I a purpose in our hearts as we go out this day from these sheltering walls? Have we a purpose to do good not only to ourselves, but to do something for somebody else each day; to be of some use in the world's wide marts? A man with a purpose has the right of way. To be without a purpose is to chase a mirage, sun and sand, shadows and sounds, the flying islands of the night. Two thousand years ago One came from on high who "spake as never man spake," and who "*went about doing good.*" Can we follow in His train? Can we walk in His steps? We may stumble, and falter, and fail, and fall. We may halt and hesitate, but if each day we do something, God knows the purpose in our hearts, and in the tremendous mathematics of heaven "the Lord will count when He writeth up the people." Can we, with all the splendid equipment with which we have been endowed, help somebody each day? Can we put smiles on faces where tears were before? Can we put hope into hearts that are weary and discouraged? Can we lift up the feet of those that go down to death and the steps that take hold on hell? Can we make somebody happier, or better, or purer, or cleaner, or truer, or nobler, more law-abiding, more God-fearing, more man loving? And if we have little of substance and store to give, and our means are scant, can we not give of our loving sympathy that gives more than they all? We can if we have the purpose and if we say like the Apostle, "This one thing I do." Let all our energies be centripetal, converging on a given point. Let our purpose be like a bullet flying to the mark and not like a handful of shot cast into the air. Let it sweep on like the flying wedge of the football team. These are the things that are worth while and that make life worth living.

Dear Alice Cary says:

And whatever men say in their blindness and in spite of the fancies of youth,
There's nothing so *kingly* as kindness and nothing so royal as truth.

Three hundred and sixty-five good deeds a year! Think of that rolling up as an asset. "The days of our years are three score years and ten." Put them at fifty, and think of eighteen thousand two hundred and fifty kindly deeds in a lifetime. "The Lord will count when he writeth up the people."

In that awful tumult of falling walls and toppling spires and rocking earth and leaping flame, when out of the depths destruction arose and smote that beautiful city by the Golden Gate, men stood aghast. San Francisco seemed "the wreck of matter and the crush of worlds," of which Addison wrote. Lips were dumb at the horror which the bared arm of Nature and of Nature's God had wrought. And yet out of all this misery what a splendid lesson has been taught the four quarters of the earth. There was an old question put forth back in the gray dawn of creation, back in the twilight of time, and it was this, "Am I my brothers' keeper?" Once more it has been asked and eighty millions of people have arisen and answered to the three hundred thousand stricken ones, "Aye, we are our brother's keeper." The continent has rocked beneath the rolling trains that have carried the supplies and golden stores of relief. The purse of Fortunatus has broken its clasp, and the gold of the Nibelungen has poured forth into the laps of the suffering and stricken ones. When you strike the chord of humanity after all in the core of the soul of man it rings true, and to-day the world is richer for the desolation out by the Pacific Sea.

And now, as we say in legal phrase, "time is the essence of the contract"—the eternal "NOW" is its keynote.

An Eastern proverb says that there are three things that come not back: The spent arrow, the spoken word, and the lost opportunity. There is an inscription over a splendid portal in the palace of Versailles: "*Salle de pas perdu*"—the hall of the lost steps—the hall of neglected responsibilities—the hall of unperformed duty. "What thou doest, do quickly."

When the seer of the Apocalypse looked down into the end of the days, while below him the seas boomed on the Rock of Patmos, he saw the breaking of the seven seals and heard the shattering of the seven thunders and saw the blazing of the seven golden candlesticks and the shining of the seven stars, and he heard the voice of the angel cry unto the church of Philadelphia, "Behold, I have set before thee an open door. Hold that fast that thou hast, that no man take thy crown." And of all the crowns that we cast in the last great day before the great white throne, there will be no crown like the crown of usefulness. We need not fear that there will be too much goodness on this earth. Shakespeare once said: "The evil that men do lives after them. The good is oft interred with their bones." And later another wise man has said that the good which most men do can be interred with their bones without crowding their bones to any appreciable extent. Indeed, as Madam De Stael once said: "The more I see of men, the fonder I get of dogs."

Once there was a road which led thru a jungle of trees and brush, cut by savage hands, on the island of Samoa, and at the end of it was the home of one who did justice and loved mercy and walked humbly with his God. And because of the lives

which he had helped and not hindered, and because of his kindly words and kindly advice, which had righted the wrongs and smoothed the rough places of the lives by the Southern seas, the road was called "the road of the loving heart." And finally it led to Robert Louis Stevenson's grave. Shall we not see to it that our feet are shod with this preparation of the gospel of peace and that many footfalls of them we have helped echo along our road to the Father's house?

Usefulness may cost something of sacrifice, may cost in substance and store, may cost in time and ease and recreation, but what of that? That which costs nothing is without price. If men have laid down their fortunes and their futures, yea, even their lives, for their flag, their country, their homes, or for love of those who sit beside the chimney corner of their own hearths, can we expect less? In my city of Philadelphia there was a porter in a Market street store named Keenan. He went to the front in 1861 and became a major of cavalry. In the awful rout that followed the Federal defeat at Chancellorsville General Pleasanton, of Pennsylvania, needed ten minutes to mount his guns to command the retreat of the Union Army. In headlong confusion, horse, foot, and dragoons, ammunition wagons and hospital ambulances, were flying for the river. Up the road came Stonewall Jackson's corps, 30,000 strong (the flower of the Southern Confederacy), on the double quick, with bayonets set, maddened by their great leader's death, accidentally shot by his own men. At any moment the rout might be converted into a massacre. "How many men, Major, have you?" called Pleasanton. Keenan saluted. "Three hundred, General." "Major, charge the advance." Did Keenan hesitate? Never. The sunlight of the last day he would ever see on earth caught the gleam of his uplifted saber as he flung his cap into the bushes and gave the quick order to charge. Three hundred horsemen like a human catapult flung themselves down the road against the 30,000 Confederates. For ten minutes they rode and sabered and shot till over their dead bodies stormed the 30,000. But in those ten minutes Pleasanton had mounted his guns and a hell of grape and canister flamed into the faces of the foe. The advance was checked, and the Army of the Potomac got over the Rappahannock in safety. Did you ever hear of Major Keenan before? Talk about the charge of the light brigade at Balaklava, it was nothing to this charge. And yet until the Century Magazine some years ago rescued Keenan's name from oblivion it had been forgotten. Speaking of their unknown graves, the poet said:

Year after year, the pine-cones fall
And the whippoorwill lisps its specter call.
They have ceased, but their glory will never cease,
Or their light be quenched in the light of peace.
The rush of the charge is sounding still
That saved the army at Chancellorsville.

If one works for appreciation or applause or acclaim he works for scanty wage. "The Lord counts when He writeth up the people."

There is a splendid statue in London of a man standing on a wall, his sword girded at his side, his Bible under his arm, looking across the desert for the help that never came. It is the figure of Gen. Chinese Gordon, the knightliest soldier of Britain, whose quest for civilization and Christianity led him to the wall of Khartoum. If there is a blot on the escutcheon of the great Gladstone, it is that he left this Captain of her host to die watching vainly under the desolate stars of the Soudan. For weary months he waited for the roar of England's guns, and then the benighted hordes of the Mahdi in overwhelming numbers swept up the stairway and struck his head from his shoulders and cast his headless body down the stair, and men said that his splendid crusade spelled only failure and ruin and defeat. A superb inscription blazed on a great London wall in remorseful memory: "He gave his strength to the weak, his substance to the poor, his sword to the oppressed, and his soul to God." On the spot where Gordon died, a few scant years thereafter, there rose the college of Khartoum. And when the steel-hearted Kitchener, Sirdar of the Soudan, laid its foundation stone and the sons of the desert crowded to learn of that civilization and Christianity for which Gordon strove, tears streamed down his face. For all the world knew then the truth that Ann of Austria has summed up in well-chosen phrase: "My lord Cardinal! *God does not pay every Saturday night, but He pays.*"

There is nothing lost in the economy of God. There is no deed done for the right but its ripple breaks on some farther coast. There is no kind word spoken but its echo rings on some outer shore. We can not look down the long lanes of time to the farthest horizon, away to the pillars of Hercules, where the portcullis of eternity falls, but there is an "eye which keepeth Israel, which slumbers not nor sleeps."

Our work is all around us. It never abates. John Ruskin says: "Oh, you inside your little rose-covered walls, around your place of peace, playing with the fringes of your guarded flowers, why don't you look beyond your garden walls? You will

see the wild grass to the horizon torn up with the agony of men and beat level by the drift of their life blood."

This life is not for the getting of money or for the gathering of fame for our own recreation or amusement or comfort. These are the apples of Sodom, which turn to ashes on the lips.

We pass the human shoulder next us every hour on the King's highway, by our workbenches, at our school desks, in our offices and in our stores, in farm and field, and factory and forum. What are we doing for them?

A month ago in that awful explosion in the French mines, where over twelve hundred lives were lost, the rescuers searched for the dead and wounded for three days. Then they started in to repair the mine. Twenty days after the explosion there suddenly emerged from one of the darkest pits a group of living skeletons, faltering, staggering, starved. They had dragged out a wretched existence in the blackness, living on the carcass of a dead horse. With eyes that blinked at the sun they could not see and had not seen for twenty days; with parched lips and quivering voices they whispered the burden of one refrain: "Why didn't you keep on trying to save us? Why did you give us up? Behind that wall there lie many who have only died within the last twenty-four hours. Why didn't you try to help them?" That neglect rocked France to its foundations and shook the ministry in its place of power.

It makes no difference whether we are young or old, weak or strong, rich or poor, handicapped by any infirmity or free, we can all do something for somebody. You can reach those whom no one else can reach, and we can reach those whom you can not reach. But everybody can reach somebody. There is no one so useless, so abandoned, so selfish, so sordid, so mean, so dishonest, so drunken, so immoral, so impure, that he can not be helped by somebody.

There was a man found hanging on an electric-light wire upon which he had fallen. He was taken to the hospital paralyzed, helpless. He could not speak. He could not tell his name. He could not move hand or foot. He was placed in a hospital ward, where he lay for weary weeks without apparently moving a muscle, except his eyes. People who past by him remarked, "What is the matter with that man's eyes?" He was continually closing and opening them, winking and blinking as if in pain. The oculist was called in. After making his examination he said there was nothing the matter with them. The man, he said, could not speak, but he could see. Yet the man kept winking and opening and shutting his eyes rapidly whenever anyone past his bed. Finally one day a telegraph operator happened to pass through the ward. As he glanced at the winking eyelids he paused. He recognized the dots and dashes and rests of the telegraphers' keyboard. He went to the head surgeon. "That man is talking," he said. "Talking, he can't talk; he's paralyzed." "Yes, but he is talking with his eyes." "How can a man talk with his eyes?" "He is telegraphing with them." "Well, for the love of God, get the poor fellow's message." The operator went back and stood and looked down into the helpless man's eyes, and there quickly read the message that for weeks the paralyzed man had in vain been trying to get some one to take. It was to his wife. Would somebody only send to such and such a street and number and tell his wife that her husband had not deserted her, and was not dead, but was a hopeless paralytic in a hospital. Did it need wings or spurs to carry that message? Immediately the wife was searched out and brought to her husband. Somebody helped somebody that time.

We often say, "Oh, it's no use! It's so easy to talk." Yes, that is true. What we need is to do, not dream. The days of the dreamer are gone down the Dothan paths. The stars of heaven and the sheaves of earth make no longer their obeisance. Do something for somebody to-day. Be true! Be true to yourself and your ideals! Steer by the north star in the sky of truth. Let your character stand foursquare to every wind that blows. Moody says, "Character is what a man is in the dark." Emerson says, "I can not hear what you *say* because there thunders so behind you what you *are*." Dear old Doctor Cuyler says, "There are no sermons that ever were preached or published or written or spoken that are half so eloquent as the *sermons in shoes*." That is, being known by your walk and conversation.

Do we realize the shortness of the time and the multitude of opportunities that come our way? Admiral Bunce's father used to say, "There is nothing but Almighty God can stand in the way of a determined man." Over the door of Jefferson College, in Philadelphia, runs this splendid motto, "*Dii Laboribus Omnia Vendunt*," "The Gods sell *everything* for toil." "There are no benches," as one has said, "on the road to success."

It is well said that life is a march and not a bivouac, and that none are called from the hammock, but from the forge and the plow and the loom. We are called from labor to labor. The red light of danger may swing on ahead. There may be a wolf at the door or a lion in the streets. What does it matter? "Life is a journey,"

Doctor Wadsworth says, "thru a desert under blazing suns, where tho the angels of God encamp about you, the fiery serpents hiss under the very shade of the Shekinah." Carlyle says, "The stumbling blocks and boulders in the pathway of the weak are the stepping stones in the pathway of the strong." "Hew your way, don't pick it." In an age that trims and truckles let no man wonder "whose you are or whom you serve." It may be

Good to be wafted down the stream
In a gilded bark with silken sails,
Under the shadows of stately trees,
Fanned by the breath of scented gales.
But it's better to breast the angry waves
Up to the lips in their icy roll,
Sinewy strength at its utmost strain,
Eager eyes on the distant goal.

The needs of the day call and cry for action. "The night cometh in which no man can work." Goethe says:

Rest is not quitting this busy career,
Rest is the fitting of self to its sphere.

The silver trumpets of the eternal morning are not calling "Taps," "Lights out," and "Rest." They are calling "Boots and saddles"—the cavalry call of the ages. We are to be up and doing, booted and spurred, and riding for the King. We may meet with defeat, disappointment, discouragement, with rebuff and ridicule, with sneers and jeers and fleers. What of it?

It's weary watching day by day and yet the tide heaves onward.
We climb like corals grave by grave, but pave a path that's sunward.
We're beaten back in many a fray, but newer strength we borrow,
And where the vanguard camps to-day, the rear will rest to-morrow.

The exercises of the day were closed with the benediction by the Right Rev. Henry Yates Satterlee, D. D., Bishop of Washington.

RECEIPTS AND EXPENDITURES.

The receipts and expenditures for the year under review will appear from the following detailed statements:

RECEIPTS.

| | |
|--|-------------------|
| Balance from old account | \$69. 26 |
| From the Treasury of the United States | 73,000. 00 |
| Board and tuition | 4,358. 33 |
| Manual-labor fund | 122. 50 |
| Total | 77,550. 09 |

EXPENDITURES.

| | | | |
|-----------------------------|--------------|------------------------------|-------------------|
| Salaries and wages | \$44,789. 81 | Medicines and chemicals.... | \$241. 16 |
| Miscellaneous repairs..... | 1,266. 28 | Books and stationery..... | 542. 88 |
| Household expenses and mar- | | Hardware..... | 174. 65 |
| keting | 3,390. 93 | Plants, seeds, and tools.... | 436. 45 |
| Meats | 5,759. 40 | Blacksmithing | 223. 25 |
| Groceries | 3,732. 47 | Carriage repairs | 297. 50 |
| Bread | 1,857. 05 | Ice | 778. 07 |
| Butter and eggs..... | 2,168. 05 | Live stock | 1,514. 00 |
| Medical attendance and | | Incidental expenses | 165. 88 |
| nursing | 938. 52 | Stamped envelopes | 63. 60 |
| Telephones and electric | | Auditing accounts | 300. 00 |
| clocks | 446. 75 | Printing | 145. 78 |
| Furniture | 241. 27 | Lectures | 50. 00 |
| Lumber..... | 258. 51 | Gymnasium apparatus | 40. 36 |
| Drygoods | 492. 41 | Harness and repairs | 137. 65 |
| Gas..... | 681. 60 | Balance..... | 30. 50 |
| Paints and oils..... | 407. 90 | | |
| Fuel..... | 4,879. 24 | Total | 77,550. 09 |
| Feed | 1,098. 17 | | |

SPECIAL REPAIRS.

Received from the Treasury of the United States \$3,000.00

EXPENDITURES.

| | | | |
|------------------------------|----------|------------------------------|----------|
| Plumbing and steam fitting.. | \$902.35 | Painting and carpentry | \$869.00 |
| Paints and oils | 203.74 | Asphalt paving..... | 360.86 |
| Paper hanging | 346.40 | | |
| Mason work..... | 317.65 | Total | 3,000.00 |

BUILDINGS AND GROUNDS.

Received from the Treasury of the United States \$30,000.00

EXPENDITURES.

| | | | |
|--------------------------------|-----------|--------------------------|------------|
| Fees of consulting engineer.. | \$455.92 | Two Westinghouse engines | |
| Two Babcock and Wilcox | | and dynamos..... | \$4,190.00 |
| tubular boilers | 3,976.00 | Steam pumps | 229.00 |
| Electric wiring and fixtures . | 10,460.49 | Hardware..... | 37.59 |
| Steam pipes and conduits ... | 10,099.00 | | |
| Supervision and drafting.... | 450.00 | Total | 30,000.00 |
| Asphalt work | 102.00 | | |

ESTIMATES FOR NEXT YEAR.

The following estimates for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1908, have already been submitted:

For the support of the institution, including salaries and incidental expenses; for books and illustrative apparatus, and for general repairs and improvements, \$73,000.

For repairs to the buildings of the institution, including plumbing and steam fitting, and for repairs to pavements within the grounds, \$5,000.

For the maintenance and tuition of colored deaf-mutes of teachable age belonging to the District of Columbia, in the Maryland School for Colored Deaf-Mutes, as authorized in an act of Congress approved March 3, 1905, \$6,050.

The estimates for current expenses and for repairs are the same in amount as the appropriations for these objects for the current year. The estimate for the maintenance and tuition of colored deaf-mutes in the Maryland school is also equal in amount to the appropriation for the current year.

All of which is respectfully submitted by order of the board of directors.

E. M. GALLAUDET, *President.*

The SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR.

CATALOG OF STUDENTS AND PUPILS.

IN THE COLLEGE.

| | | |
|---|---|--|
| ALABAMA: G. Herman Harper. Walter D. Bell. | KENTUCKY—Continued. Chester D. Erwin. George E. Hartman. G. Bryan Shanklin. Adolph N. Struck. | NORTH DAKOTA: William O. Messner. W. Leister Williams. Lindeman J. Bull. Gilbert J. Jackson. Gilman T. Nordhousen. |
| ARKANSAS: Daisy M. Henderson. Sarah B. Streby. | MAINE: Fannie P. Kimball. | OKLAHOMA: Merrill E. Stover. |
| ARIZONA: Ethel F. Eaton. | MARYLAND: Arthur Hoffmaster. George H. Faupel. J. J. F. Leitch. | OHIO: Warren Hoverstick. Winifred M. Jones. Alice G. Neldon. Arthur Hinch. Roy B. Conkling. Bessie S. McFadden. William M. Toomey. Joseph B. Arnold. |
| CALIFORNIA: Golda M. Fitzgerald. | MASSACHUSETTS: Charles A. Malloch. | OREGON: Bird L. Craven. Emery E. Vinson. |
| COLORADO: Frank C. Horton. Le Roy C. Henderson. | MICHIGAN: Margaret M. Leveck. Harold Preston. George Burkart. Gottlieb Bieri. George F. Gorman. Ida M. Linabury. Inez L. Snyder. | PENNSYLVANIA: Dan M. Reichard. Charles L. Clark. William Cooper. Francis M. Holliday. Philip R. Schroedel, jr. |
| DELAWARE: May I. Dougherty. | MINNESOTA: Edward M. Rowse. John H. McFarlane. Dean E. Tomlinson. Frederick J. O'Donnell. Ellen D. Johnson. Clarence Sharp. W. Clinton Jones. Philip E. Cadwell. Mary M. Fossan. | RHODE ISLAND: Moses Goldonofsky. |
| FLORIDA: Alice A. Nicholson. Abbie M. Goff. | MISSISSIPPI: Hugo H. Matzner. | SOUTH CAROLINA: Robert O. Glover. |
| GEORGIA: Henry S. Morris, jr. | MISSOURI: Irene P. Burrow. John Dietrich. Elmer Talbert. | SOUTH DAKOTA: Jessie A. Beardsley. |
| ILLINOIS: Catherine P. Marks. Leo R. Holway. Frederick W. Schoneman. Edith Peel. Goldie A. Newman. Iva M. Robinson. | MONTANA: Robert J. Ryan. | TENNESSEE: John B. Chandler. |
| INDIANA: Robert E. Binkley. Earl M. Mather. Leon P. Jones. | NEBRASKA: Hattie B. Ren. Mary Smrha. Helen Northrop. Anna V. Johnson. Maudie E. Routh. James Morehouse. | TEXAS: Willie L. Kilgore. Robert L. Davis. Rosa H. Bendeke. |
| IOWA: Mabel E. Fritz. Early R. Elder. Walter F. Poshusta. Hattie Gifford. Carrie Hargens. Lucile D. Laux. Gertrude Hill. Laverne S. Byrne. Ragnhilda Lee. Melvin Lien. | NEW JERSEY: Morton H. Henry. | VIRGINIA: Alvah M. Rasnick. Oscar E. Holmes. Mary A. Scott. Leonard B. Brushwood. Grace B. Fortner. Louise E. Hubbard. |
| KANSAS: Frank E. Mikesell. Iona Tade. May Thornton. Mazie E. Britt. Thomas S. Williams. John Dusch. Mary J. Gillman. M. Edetha Williams. Alice M. Gregory. Rose M. Long. Lulu M. Lewis. John T. Hower. Homer E. Grace. | NEW YORK: William W. Sayles. Louise E. Turner. Arthur B. Dillon. Samuel Cohen. Edwin Nies. | WASHINGTON: Thure A. Lindstrom. Edna L. Marshall. Susie Dickson. Bertha Thiessen. |
| KENTUCKY: William C. Fugate. Snowa P. Frost. Alvin L. Kutzleb. | NORTH CAROLINA: James M. Robertson. Odie W. Underhill. Mittie H. Parker. Emma L. Pike. George H. Bailey. | WISCONSIN: Enga C. Anderson. Milo E. Hodge. |
| | | WYOMING: Baxter W. Mosey. |
| | | ONTARIO: Arthur Jaffray. |
| | | IRELAND: John W. McCandless. |

IN THE KENDALL SCHOOL.

MALES.

| | |
|---|--|
| Raymond Allen, District of Columbia. | James A. Nash, District of Columbia. |
| Benjamin Beaver, District of Columbia. | Francis E. Ridgeway, District of Columbia. |
| Walter Carmean, Delaware. | Joseph P. Riley, District of Columbia. |
| Francis B. Cronin, District of Columbia. | William J. Riley, District of Columbia. |
| Wallace Edington, District of Columbia. | Sylvan J. Riley, District of Columbia. |
| Morton W. Galloway, District of Columbia. | Charles D. Russell, Illinois. |
| William A. Gray, District of Columbia. | Charles Shepherd, District of Columbia. |
| Frederick D. Hill, District of Columbia. | Leonard Stark, District of Columbia. |
| Robert Johnston, Delaware. | Raymond Stillman, District of Columbia. |
| Arthur Long, Delaware. | Joseph Stinson, District of Columbia. |
| Lewis J. Long, Delaware. | Adolph N. Struck, Kentucky. |
| William H. Lyles, South Carolina. | Charles Sullivan, District of Columbia. |
| Archibald MacDonald, Saskatchewan. | Philip Thompson, District of Columbia. |
| Angus MacInnes, Scotland. | Henry Turner, District of Columbia. |
| John W. McCauley, District of Columbia. | Raymond Webb, Delaware. |
| John McIntosh, District of Columbia. | James C. Woodard, Virginia. |
| Omer Majure, Mississippi. | Archibald Wright, Manitoba. |

FEMALES.

Myrtle Connick, District of Columbia.
 Caroline E. Cox, District of Columbia.
 Mary E. Blocher, District of Columbia.
 Mary E. Duncan, South Carolina.
 Maud E. Edington, District of Columbia.
 Carrie Elliott, Delaware.
 Gertrude Fagan, Delaware.
 Louise Golding, District of Columbia.
 Cynthia Hearn, Delaware.
 Beatrice Holland, District of Columbia.
 Elsie Hutchins, District of Columbia.
 Charlotte H. Jameson, Manitoba.
 Florence Johnston, Delaware.
 Grace G. Kelly, District of Columbia.
 Margaret M. Lewis, District of Columbia.
 Cornelia J. Linder, South Carolina.

Ida M. Littleford, District of Columbia.
 Isabelle Long, Delaware.
 Ellen McCabe, Delaware.
 Matilda Maddox, District of Columbia.
 Estelle Maus, District of Columbia.
 Annie P. Neitzey, District of Columbia.
 Mary O'Rourke, Delaware.
 Pearl J. Pearson, District of Columbia.
 Olivia Peterson, Delaware.
 Sophia Stansbury, District of Columbia.
 Laura Sykes, District of Columbia.
 Glendora Taylor, Delaware.
 Effie Thomas, District of Columbia.
 Margaret Vaughan, District of Columbia.
 Alice Woolford, District of Columbia.
 Florence Young, District of Columbia.

REGULATIONS.

I. The academic year is divided into three terms, the first beginning on the Thursday before the last Thursday in September and closing on the 24th of December, the second beginning the 2d of January and closing the last of March, the third beginning the 1st of April and closing the Wednesday before the last Wednesday in June.

II. The vacations are from the 24th of December to the 2d of January, and from the Wednesday before the last Wednesday in June to the Thursday before the last Thursday in September.

III. There are holidays at Thanksgiving, Washington's Birthday, Easter, and Decoration Day.

IV. The pupils may visit their homes during the regular vacations and at the above-named holidays, but at no other time, unless for some special, urgent reason, and then only by permission of the president.

V. The bills for the maintenance and tuition of pupils supported by their friends must be paid semiannually in advance.

VI. The charge for pay pupils is \$250 per annum. This sum covers all expenses in the primary department except clothing, and all in the college except clothing and books.

VII. All deaf-mutes of teachable age, of good mental capacity, and properly belonging to the District of Columbia, are received without charge. To students from the States and Territories who have not the means of defraying all the expenses of the college course the board of directors renders such assistance as circumstances seem to require, as far as the means at its disposal will allow.

VIII. It is expected that the friends of the pupils will provide them with clothing, and it is important that upon entering or returning to the institution they should be supplied with a sufficient amount for an entire year. All clothing should be plainly marked with the owner's name.

IX. All letters concerning pupils or applications for admission should be addressed to the president.

X. The institution is open to visitors during term time on Thursdays only, between the hours of 10 a. m. and 3 p. m. Visitors are admitted to chapel services on Sunday afternoons at 3 o'clock.

XI. Congress has made provision for the education, at public expense, of the indigent blind of teachable age belonging to the District of Columbia. Persons desiring to avail themselves of this provision are required by law to make application to the president of this institution.